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Dream Maker

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Chapter 1 by Fanwizard

A shadow fell over the ground, and dear old Mrs. Jones was the first one that saw her actual face when she arrived. No one knew who that young woman was.

The woman was beautiful, with a lush of brown hair that fell perfectly down her back, and gentle blue eyes that sparkled in the morning light. She was tall and had a thin figure. The woman wore clothes that changed colors and shape whenever someone looked at it. However, they mainly stayed a pair of dark blue skinny jeans, black knee high boots, and a lavender blouse under a trench coat.

This woman could see the past, and change the future. She was going to stay for a long time, until the woman would succeed her goals.

She visited every few centuries, so she was old. However, she looked young. The woman preferred to be called Taylor. However, that was not the true name of the young woman. The real name had been lost a long time ago, and a true heart could retrieve it and bring joy back to Taylor.

Taylor had tried for years to find the someone that would bring her real name back to her, and joy with it. She missed her real name, the only thing that weakened her strong soul.

However, that was a long time ago, around 2 centuries ago. So, Taylor had given up, knowing

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knew who she was and why she was there, and they hadn't been seen for a long time.

Chapter 2 by Fanwizard

Secrets are all around us, but we can't always touch one. The dangerous part about secrets, is that once you have one, you desperately want to share it. However, once it is gone, word gets around fast.

When Taylor arrived in town, no one knew what to do. She was beautiful and mysterious, and when I looked at her, I could see she held millions of secrets right in the palm of her flawless thin hand.

She stayed around for a while that early morning. I watched her, as she slowly arrived then departed.

While I was getting dressed, that was all I could think about. I couldn't hear my mom calling and telling me that if I didn't hurry, I would be late. Why was she here? Who was she? What did she want?

Even at school, I couldn't focus. Who cares about how much X equals? Why would you need in life how to spell apprehensive? Nobody cares about who was the 33rd president of the United States? They're all dead anyways. I'm only 14, so when do I need this in life?

Still, I kept thinking about why the mystery woman was here and who she could truly be. However, I didn't know her name back then, so I called her Mystery.

When my friends chatted and texted me, I didn't listen, or check my phone. Mystery was holding 2 secrets that I was desperately curious about, who she was, and why she was here. No one seemed to care, except me why Mystery was even in town. All day, my mind was on that.

Even when I came back home, I couldn't even seem to do my homework. While my sisters talked about their day at the dinner table, I just picked at my food, not even eating a bite of my cheese pizza.

I needed to find out this secret before my head exploded from the knowing of a secret that was being kept from me.

The next day, while I was attempting to brush my hair, there was a knock on the door. "I'll get it!" I yelled.

"Hi, my name is Taylor. May I speak to your mother, please?" Taylor had a sweet voice, and had a bit of an accent that I couldn't place where it was from.

It took a while before I could close my mouth and stop gaping that the woman that I'd been most curious about recently was literally on my front porch. "Just a moment please." Then, I took a breath and yelled, "Mom! Someone wants to talk to you!"

Mom came rushing down, preparing to go to the work. She changed into navy blue skirt, a matching blazer, and blue high heels. Her auburn hair looked neat, pinned in a perfect high bun, unlike mine.

"Hi, I'm Catherine Anderson," Mom shook hands with Mystery. "You wanted to talk to me about something?"

"My name is Taylor. I wanted to know if I could stay here for a while. There are no hotel rooms open for a long time," Taylor gestured to her bags.

Mom pursed her lips, and she was silent for a long time. "Excuse me if I'm rude, but I barely even know you. How can I trust you?"

"I'm sorry if I have bothered you. I think your house is lovely, and would love to stay here if you don't mind. I'll be going on my way then," Taylor started to leave. I could have saw what happened next.

My mom has the largest heart in the world, she's always so friendly and helpful. Every week, she donates and helps with charities. She's volunteers at school and is a room parent for my class.

"Wait, you can stay for a little while," Mom decided to change her mind, while I was watching.

Taylor turned around, smiling, almost as if she was expecting it. "I'll pay for my visit. How much do you want?"

"Maybe $300?" Mom suggested as she fiddled with her wedding ring that Dad have given her so long ago.

Taylor opened a purple purse, and pulled out three hundred dollar bills. "That should pay for electricity, food, water, laundry, and other needs for one week. I'll pay $300 each week," Taylor said. She walked into the house.

Mom noticed me, and smiled. "She'll stay in the guest room. I'll drive you to school later," she whispered.

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"Dreams shatter. Drop the shards. Change blanket," Taylor kept repeating to herself. I wasn't sure who was more confused, me or her.

She didn't join us for dinner, but I heard more faint words while I ate. She said more words now, burn the soul, rub the pin, discard the giant.

When I fell asleep, I kept hearing those words, dreams shatter, burn the soul, drop the shards, change blanket, rub the pin, discard the giant. What did that mean?

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